NUMB. CXXVIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Concordia discors. Luc.

Friday, July 27. 1711.

WOmen in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Bias which Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it may not lean too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after: That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that Means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may charm and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man, is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind than those Lines of Mr. *Dryden*,

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to

to diſſipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiſcretions.

The ſame female Levity is no leſs fatal to them after Marriage than before; it repreſents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honeſt tractable domeſtick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentlemen that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads aſtray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the ſame pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what ſhe loved in her Gallant; and by that Means contributes all ſhe can to perpetuate herſelf in a worthleſs Progeny.

The younger *Fauſtina* was a lively Inſtance of this Sort of Women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the *Roman* Emperors, ſhe thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken ſuch Care to accompliſh her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he aſcended the Throne of his Father, he became the moſt fooliſh and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, ſignalizing himſelf in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Mens Brains. As he had no Taſte of true Glory, we ſee him in ſeveral Medals and Statues that are ſtill extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diverſions of the Town; the Husband a moroſe Ruſtick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it: The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband ſunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noiſe of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer-Days, and is ſick at the Sight of ſhady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleaſed with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at eſſenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. Their Children are educated in theſe different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this Means it comes to paſs, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than ſhe ſhould be.

How different are the Lives of *Ariſtus* and *Aſpatia*? The innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and compoſed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows Wiſe by the Diſcourſes of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Converſations of the Wife. *Ariſtus* would not be ſo amiable were it not for his *Aſpatia*, nor *Aſpatia* ſo much to be eſteemed were it not for her *Ariſtus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuſe through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not acted theſe twenty Years.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Friday, being the 27th of July, will be reviv'd a Comedy call'd the Volunteers, or the Stock-Jobbers. The Part of Blunt by Mr. Croſs, Hackwell by Mr. Norris, Hackwell, Jun. by Mr. Booth, Welford by Mr. Mills, Sir Nicholas Dainty by Mr. Pack, Sir Timothy Kaſtril by Mr. Bullock, Nickum by Mr. Bullock, Jun. Teraſia Mrs. Saunders, Eugenia by Mrs. Bradſhaw, Clara by Mrs. Porter, Winifred by Miſs Willis, Mrs. Hackwell by Mrs. Powell.

This Paly is ſold by Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catharine-ſtreet in the Strand.

Gown Warehouſe, at Baker's Coffee-houſe in Exchange-Alley. Gowns for Men and Women are ſtill continued to be ſold by the ſame Perſon who firſt took the Warehouſe, (and is not Removed as is falſly and maliciouſly publiſh'd in the News-Papers): Where freſh Parcels of choice Gowns of all ſorts are daily made up, brought in, and expos'd to Sale. No Warehouſe in London have half the quantity, value, nor variety of Gowns; neither can they pretend to Sell at ſo low Rates. Theſe are to certify that Henry Bright (who doth affirm that he was the firſt that ſold Gowns in Baker's Coffee-houſe) was only a few Weeks Journeyman in the ſaid Warehouſe, and never Maſter; as Mrs. Baker and her Servants will juſtify.

There is to be Sold at very low Rates at Mr. Everell's, Watch-maker, at the Unicorn and Dyal up one Pair of Stairs near Strand Bridge, all ſorts of Muſlin Cravats and Holland and Cambricks for Handkerchiefs, being the Goods of ſeveral Perſons that fail'd. The Cravats are put up 3 in a Paper, and the Price mark'd upon each Parcel.

The remaining Part of the late Mrs. HUNT's Stock of Palſey Drops, Viper Water, Spirit of Lavender, Citron Water, Spirit of Oranges, Spirit of Clary, Mint, and Balm, Plague Water, Syrop of Lemons, Oyl of Lavender, prepar'd Ambergreece, with other Perfumes, Cordials, &c. are to be ſold at the uſual Rates by Mrs. Sufanna Jackſon at the Unicorn in Newgate-ſtreet: Alſo a Quantity of pickled Broombuds.

Juſt publiſh'd,

An Account of the preſent State and Government of the Empire of Germany; in a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whitley in the County of Worceſter, Eſq; by M. Le Viſſor. Printed for Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

The Art of Engliſh Poetry, containing, I. Rules for making Verſes. II. A Collection of the moſt natural, agreeable and ſublime Thoughts, viz. Alluſions, Similes, Deſcriptions and Characters of Perſons and Things that are to be found in the beſt Engliſh Poets. III. A Dictionary of Rhymes. By Edward Bysshe, Gent. The Fourth Edition, 8vo. Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little-Britain, and Sold by the Bookſellers.

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